

THE WYANDOT PIONEER.

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WHOLE NO. 409.

YOUTH AND AGE.

I often think each tottering form
That limps along in life's decline,
Once bore a heart as young, as warm,
As full of idle thoughts as mine!
And each has had its dream of joy,
Its own unequalled pure romance;
Commencing when the blushing boy
First thrills at lovely woman's glance.

And each could tell his tale of youth,
Would think its scenes of love evince
More passion, more unceasing truth,
Than any tale before or since.
Yes! they could tell of tender lays,
At midnight peeped in classic shades,
Of days more bright than modern days—
And naught more fair than modern maid.

Of whispers in a willing ear,
Of kisses on a blushing cheek;
Each kiss, each whisper, far too dear,
Our modern lips to give or speak.
Of passions too untimely crossed—
Of passions slighted or betrayed—
Of kindred spirits early lost,
And buds that blossom but to fade!

Of beaming eyes and tresses gay,
Elastic form and noble brow,
And forms that have all passed away,
And left them what we see now!
And it is thus—human love
So very light and frail a thing?
And youth's brightest visions move
For ever on Time's restless wing?

Must all the eyes that still are bright,
And all the lips that talk of bliss,
And all the forms so fair to light,
Hereafter only come to this?

Then what are earth's best visions worth,
If we at length must lose them thus?
If all we value most on earth
Ere long must fade away from us?

A CHARMING STORY.

THE BOND-MAIDEN, Or, The Merchant's Heart.

Matthias, the Levantine merchant, had spent his whole life, from his boyhood upward, in traveling for the sake of gain to the East and to the West; and to the islands of the South Seas. He had returned to his native place, Tarsus, in the full vigor of manhood, and was reported to have amassed great wealth. His first step was to make a prudent call upon the governor, and to present him with a purse and a string of pearls, in order to bespeak his good-will. He then built himself a spacious palace in the midst of a garden on the borders of a stream, and began to lead a quiet life, resting after the fatigues of his many voyages. Most persons considered him to be the happiest of merchants, but those who were introduced to his intimacy knew that his constant companions were thought and sadness. When he had departed in his youth he had left his father and his mother, his brothers and sisters, in health, although poor; but, when he returned in hopes to gild the remainder of their days, he found that the hand of death had fallen upon them every one, and that there was no one to share his prosperity, and a blight came over his heart.

The gossip in the bazars soon began to talk of his case, and it was then that Hanna, the Christian tailor, one day said in a loud voice to his opposite neighbor, the Jewish money-changer, "I will lay the value of my stock that the merchant Matthias will find consolation in marriage; that he will choose the most beautiful of our maidens; and that he will found a family which shall be celebrated in this city as long as its posterity endures." To this the Jew replied: "What is the value of thy stock? Three jackets returned upon thy hands, a rusty pair of scissors, an old stool and some bundles of thread? Verily, the risk is not great." The Christian said a prayer or two to himself, that he might not curse his neighbor, and then answered: "I will throw in Zarifeh, the ebony-black girl whom I bought last spring to follow my wife when she goes out with the little Gorges to the gardens. What sayest thou now?"

The Jew pondered awhile, leaning his gray beard on the breast of his caftan. He remembered that forty years before he, too, had returned from travel with his money-bags, and had found his house desolate; and that he had devoted himself ever since to moody reflection; and to the heaping of mabboub upon mabboub. The thought had therefore become fixed in his mind that when the middle time of life comes, there can remain no affection in the heart, either of Christian, or of Jew, or of Mahomedan, but for gold. So he said: "Let the odds be equal. I will venture five hundred pieces against thy five hundred pieces, that within five years the merchant Matthias does not take to his bosom a wife." "Agreed!" cried the Christian. The neighbors were called in as witnesses, and every one laughed at the absurdity of the dispute.

Matthias was not long in learning that a wager had been laid upon his future life, and, in passing through the bazaar, he stopped one day and said sternly to the Christian tailor: "Son of rashness, why hast thou risked more than the whole of thy savings upon a matter which is only known to Heaven? I have looked upon all the maidens of my people, and no emotion has stirred within me. Verily thou wilt become a prey to this Jew."

"My lord," replied the tailor, smiling, "it is impossible for a good man to remain all his life alone. If thou wilt come to my house and see my wife and my little Gorges dancing in the arms of the ebony-black girl, Zarifeh, thou wilt surely relent and seek at once to be as I am. Perhaps thou hast not looked well around thee.—There is Miriam, the daughter of our

baker, who is of majestic presence, being as big as thyself. She will suit thee to a hair; and if thou desirest, my wife shall make proposals for thee this afternoon." Matthias laughed and frowned, and went on; and the Jew, chuckling in his beard said: "O Hanna, for how much wilt thou free thyself from thy wager? Wilt thou pay a hundred pieces and let all said?" But the Christian replied: "In five years Saint Philotea were away a stone as big as this stool with her kisses and her tears—in five years the heart of this man may melt."

Matthias went not on his way unmoved after his conversation with the Christian Tailor. He began to think that perhaps, indeed, he was wearing away his life uselessly in solitude. There was certainly no beauty and no satisfaction in that manner of being. It was better to take to himself a companion. But where find her? Amongst all the frivolous daughters of Tarsus, was there one with whom he would not be more lonely than with himself? Their mothers had taught them nothing but love of dress, and love of themselves. How could their capricious and selfish natures find pleasure in communion with a man whom this world had sore tried, and who wished to win in meekness and in patience for the world to come?

These meditations disturbed Matthias, but they did not render him more unhappy. They occupied his mind; they relieved the monotony of his existence; they prevented him from always turning his eyes inward upon himself; they formed him to look abroad. He went to the houses of his friends and once more studied the perfections or imperfections of their daughters. His object was so manifest that the joke went round that he wished to save the Christian tailor from ruin.—People jest with the Jew as they brought in their money to change. But, although Matthias saw many beautiful girls who threw the glances of their almond-shaped eyes encouragingly toward him, he saw none that pleased his heart; and, suddenly retiring from society, he shut himself up for a whole year in his palace, seeing nobody, and taking back melancholy and discontent for his only companion.

At length Matthias began to feel the desire of change, and made it a practice every morning to have his mule saddled and ride out to the base of the mountains and then, putting foot to ground, to wander until evening amidst the rocks and valleys. On one occasion he went so far that he could not return to where he had left his mule and servant before night-fall and lost his way. After going hither and thither for some time, he was compelled to seek the shelter of a cave, and to wait until morning. Sleep overtook him, and he did not wake until the sun's rays, slanting through a cleft of the rock played upon his eye-lids. He got up, and having said his prayers, went forth, and beheld a beautiful green meadow stretching along the banks of a stream which came from a narrow gorge at no great distance. He did not recognize his whereabouts and was doubtful of finding his way back, until he saw, at the further end of the meadow, some object moving rapidly to and fro. It was a young girl chasing a cow that had escaped from her, and ran with a cord tangled about its horns in the direction of Matthias.

"Ah!" said he, "I will catch this unruly animal, and then make its keeper point out to me the direction of Tarsus." So he tucked up his robes, and, being strong and vigorous, soon came up to the cow that was wantonly galloping hither and thither, and brought it to a standstill. "May blessings light upon thy sturdy arms, stranger," exclaimed the girl, running up out of breath and unwinding the rope from the cow's horns; "if Naharah had escaped they would have beaten me."

"And who could find it in his heart to beat thee, child?" said the merchant, as he looked at her; and wondered at her delicate loveliness.

"The fathers," she replied, pulling Naharah in the direction she wanted to go. "Triple blessings on thee again I say, stranger!"

Matthias forgot all about Tarsus, and walked by the side of the girl, asking questions of her. He learned that she was the bond-maiden of a monastery situated in those mountains, and that her duty was to take out the cows, and especially this one, every morning to the pasture.

"Do not follow me," said she when they came to the entrance of the gorge from which the stream flowed, "for I am forbidden to walk with those whom I may meet."

Matthias thought awhile, and then bade her adieu, having learned what path he was to follow, and returned to his palace full of nothing but the image of this simple bond-maiden.

"Verily," said he to himself next morning, "I forgot to ask the name of that girl. I must learn it, in order that I may send her a recompense." Under this poor pretense he mounted his mule, and rode toward the mountains, and began his walk at the usual place, and repaired to the cave and passed the night there and was out on the meadow before dawn. He soon saw four or five cows driven out of the gorge, and the girl followed them leading the frolicsome Naharah. "There is no need for thee to-day, stranger," said

she, smiling playfully, "unless thou wilt drive my heard down to the water to drink and take care that the black one goes in first, or else she will gore the others." Upon this, Matthias took the branch of a tree and began to cry "Hoo! hoo!" like a herdsman, and to beat the flanks of the black cow, which scampered away and led him a long chase round the meadow; so that he did not come back until all the other animals had taken their morning drink, and the girl was sitting on the bank laughing at him, and wreathing a crown of flowers to deck the horns of Naharah.

"Thou dost not know thy new business," said she to Matthias, as he came up out of breath; whereupon he began to curse the cow which had led him that dance and to think that he had made himself ridiculous in the eyes of the girl. However, they were soon sitting side by side, in pleasant talk, and the merchant learned that the name of the bond-maiden was Carine.

By this time he had quite made up his mind to marry her, if she would have him; but although reflecting upon his wealth and her poverty, it seemed scarcely probable that she should refuse, his modesty was so great that he dared not venture to talk of love. They parted early, and Matthias went away, promising to return on the morrow. He did so; and for many weeks continued these meetings on which, for the first time since his youth he found real happiness. At length, one day he took courage, and told Carine that he intended to take her away and marry her and make her the mistress of his wealth.

"My lord," said she, with simple surprise, "has madness stricken thee? Dost thou not know that I am a bond-maiden, and that there is no power that can free me?"

"Money can free thee, child," said Matthias.

"Not so," replied she, "for it is an ancient privilege of this monastery that bondsmen and bondswomen shall forever be apart from it. If any freemen cast his eyes upon one of us, and desires to marry her, he must quit his state and become a slave, he and his descendants forever, to the monastery. This is why I was not married last year to Skandar, the porker, who offered twenty pigs for my freedom, but who refused to give up his liberty." Matthias internally thanked Heaven for having given an independent spirit to the porker, and replied, smiling, "Believe me, Carine, that the fathers love money—they all do—and I shall purchase thee as my wife."

"It is nonsense," said she, striking her head, "they refused twenty pigs." "I will give twenty sacks of gold, baby," cried Matthias, enraged at her obstinacy. Carine replied, that she was not worth so much; and that, if she were, it was of no use talking of the matter, for the fathers would not sell her. "By St. Maron!" exclaimed Matthias, "I can buy thy whole monastery!"

He was mistaken. The monastery of Selahka was the richest of all the East, and the head of it was the most self-willed of men. He cut short the propositions of the merchant—who went straight to him that very day—by saying that on no account would the liberty of Carine be granted.—"If thou wouldst marry her," said he, looking at Matthias thought, more wicked than a demon, "thou must give up all thy wealth to us, and become our bondsmen." With this answer the lover went sadly away, and returned to Tarsus, saying to himself, "It is impossible to give up, not only the grains of my life, but even my liberty, for the sake of this cow-girl. I must try to forget her."

So he went back among his friends, and began to walk in the bazars. When the Jew saw him, he cried out "Hail, oh wise man, that will not burthen himself with the society of a woman." But the merchant frowned black upon him, and turned away; and to the surprise of all the neighbors, went and sat down by the side of the Christian tailor, and, taking his hand whispered to him: "Close thy shop, my friend, and lead me, that I may see, as thou didst promise, thy wife and thy child."

"Which child?" said the tailor. "I have now three, Gorges, Lisbet, and Hanna."

"All of them," said Matthias; "and also the ebony-black girl, Zarifeh."

"Oh!" said the tailor, "I have set her free, and she is married to the pudding-seller, round the corner."

"It seems," said Matthias to himself, "that it is the law of Heaven that every one shall marry." Printing has happily been defined the art preservative of all arts. Printing makes the orator more than an orator. It catches up his dying words and breathes into them the breath of life. It is the speaking gallery through which the orator thunders in the ears of ages. He leans from the tomb over the cradle of the rising generations.

Progress in Texas.—Col. Wm. C. Lacy, of Texas, arrived in New York a few days since from London, having succeeded in making negotiations with a distinguished London banker, for the building of the Galveston, Houston and Henderson Railroad. The company was incorporated by the Texas Legislature, on the 7th of February last, and the survey of the whole route was made and completed by Professor Forsyth, last May.

Liberty is sweet," replied the tailor, shrugging his shoulders; "yet some live without it; but none can live without love."

Upon this the merchant went back to his palace and mounted his mule and rode to the monastery, where he found the court-yard full of people. "I am come," said he to one of the fathers whom he met

in the gateway, "to give up my liberty and my wealth for the sake of Carine."

"It is too late," was the reply; "Skandar, the porker has just driven in all his pigs, and they are putting the chain round his neck in the chapel, and all these people that thou seest collected are to be witnesses of his marriage with Carine."

Matthias smote his breast with his hands and the sides of his mule with his heels, and galloped through the crowd shouting out that nobody should be made a slave that day but he. The chief of the monastery, on learning what was the matter, smiled and said, "That the porker had a previous claim," but the monks, who, perhaps, looked forward to the enjoyments which the merchant's wealth would afford them, ingeniously suggested that he had the best claim who had hesitated least.—Carine's opinion was asked; and she seeing both of her suitors resolved, heartlessly condemned the enamored porker to liberty, and said: "Let the chain be put upon the neck of the merchant." The ceremony was immediately performed; and, whilst the head of the convent was preparing to begin the interesting rite of the marriage, brother Boag, treasurer of the monastery, set off to take an inventory of the wealth which had thus fallen under his jurisdiction.

It is said that Matthias never gave a single thought to his lost property, being too much absorbed in contemplating the charms of the beautiful Carine. The only stimulation he made was, that he should be allowed to go out to the pastures with her; and next morning he found himself in sober seriousness helping to drive Naharah and its companions down to the water's side.

Meanwhile, the Governor of Tarsus heard what had happened to Matthias, and was stricken with rage, and caused his mule to be saddled and his guards to be mounted, and set forth to the monastery and summoned the chief, saying,—"Know, O Monk, that Matthias is my friend; and it cannot be that he shall be thy slave, and that all his wealth shall be transferred from my city to the monastery. He is a liberal citizen, and I may not lose him from amongst us."

The Governor spoke thus by reason of certain loans without interest, and presents (over and above the purse and the string of pearls which the merchants had presented at his first coming,) with which Matthias had freely obliged the governor; who also hoped a continuance of the same. Whereupon the chief of the monastery hid his hands and was humbled; and the Governor and he had parted with a good understanding and agreement.

It fell out, therefore, that after a month of servitude Matthias and his bride were called before an assembly of the whole monastery, and informed that the conditions imposed were simply for the sake of trial. Nearly all the wealth of the merchant was restored to him, and he was liberated and led back amidst applauding crowds to his palace at Tarsus. Of course he made a liberal donation to the monastery, over and above a round sum which Boag the treasurer had not found it in his heart to return with the rest. Being a just and generous man, he not only relieved the Jew from the consequences of his wager, but made such presents to the Christian tailor, that he had no longer any need to ply the needle for his livelihood. Tradition dilates with delight on the happiness which Carine bestowed on her husband, who used always to say, "that with wealth or without wealth, with liberty or without liberty, she was sufficient to bring content into any house, and to make the sternest heart happy."

The Orator and the Newspaper. Compare the orator, one of the noblest vehicles for the diffusion of thought, with the newspaper, and we may gain a faint glimpse of the latter. The orator speaks to hundreds; the newspaper addresses millions. The words of the orator may die on the air; the language of the newspaper is stamped upon tablets imperishable. The arguments of an orator may follow each other so rapidly, that a majority of the audience may struggle in a not of ratification; the reasonings of the newspaper may be scanned at leisure, without the danger of perplexity. The passions of an orator inflame an assembly, the feelings of a newspaper electrify a continent. The orator is for an hour, the ones for an hour, the other for all time. The orator may be compared, the lightning, which flashes over a valley for a moment, but leaves it again in darkness; the newspaper to a sun blazing steadily over a whole earth and fixed on the basis of its own eternity.

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TAKING ADVICE.

BY PHILIP CARY.

She gave a word of good advice,
She hoped to profit by,
And I shouldn't wonder if she thought
I came away to cry.

She thinks I stand in fear of her—
I really think I don't;
She's sure my will will yield to hers—
I'm pretty sure it won't.

I know my dear old maiden aunt
Is prudent, good, and wise—
But, Harry, don't you think with me
She's rather too precise?

She said I must not fall in love—
"Propriety forbid?"
And I told her I should never
Love you better than I did.

She said you must not fondle me—
She did not think you would—
I told her I'd be up in arms
Against you if you should.

She said you must not kiss me—
The first time, should you try;
And I told her that you should—
But I did not tell her why.

She said that suitor never yet
Had ever pressed her hand;
I did not think the reason
Very hard to understand.

And as for marrying, she knew
She'd die before she'd wed—
And I told her that I did not doubt
The truth of what she said.

Making Augre Holes with a Gimlet.

"My boy, what are you doing with that gimblet?" asked J of a flaxen headedurchen, who was laboring with all his might at a piece of board before him.

"Trying to make an augre hole," was the reply, without raising his eyes.

Precisely the business of at least two-thirds of the world—making augre holes with a gimblet!

Here is young A., who has escaped from a clerk's desk behind a counter.

He sports a moustache, carries a raton, drinks champagne, talks about the profit of banking or shaving notes. He thinks he is really a great man; but everybody around him sees that he is only "making augre holes with a gimblet."

Miss C. is a nice, pretty girl, and she might be very useful, too, for she has intelligence enough—but she must be the ten—goes to plays, lounges on sofas, keeps her bed till noon, imagines she is a belle, disdains labor, forgets that her father was a mechanic, and all for what? Why she is trying to work herself into the belief that an augre hole can be made with a gimlet.

English Humanity.

The London correspondent of the Tribune gives an account of the way the humanities of British landlordism are developed:—

You will perhaps have seen from the Times that a Mrs. MacDonnell, of Knoydart, Gleanagarry, has, in imitation of the Duchess of Sutherland, undertaken to clear her estates, in order to replace men by sheep. The People's Paper, informed by a correspondent on the spot, gives the following graphic description of this Maltese operation:—

This lady had a number of cottagers on her domains, many of whom were unable to pay their rents—some being considerably in arrears, as we are told. She, therefore, ordered them all off, and drove them to take refuge in the woods and caves, where they have since been lurking, or rather dying, while Mrs. MacDonnell's horses have been warmly bedded in secure and comfortable dwellings. She at the same time offered them a free passage to Canada, passage money being cheaper than poor rolls, and permission to sell 'their little stocks,' they having no stock whatever to sell, except the clothes they stand in, a broken table, or a rheumatic cat. Finally, she forgave them the arrears—she could not get. This is called "noble generosity."

Such ejections appear to be again the order of the day, throughout the Highlands. Thus, at least, we are informed by Sir Charles Forbes, a Highland laird, writing to the Times, "that sheep-farms are now becoming so valuable, that it will pay our English sheep-farmers to hire sheep at any time, and to pay for the removal of all who stand in their way."

A Moral for Young Ladies.

"Listen," said I, "listen and attend, and you shall have a moral and an example.—When the wisp now in the window entered the room, you flew at it with a kind of violence. I wonder it don't sting every one of you. Now, in future, let a wisp, when it comes, have a little bout, and make its little noise. Don't stir a muscle—don't move a lip—but be as quiet as the statue of Venus of Diana, or anybody of that sort, until the wisp seems inclined as at this moment, to settle. Whereupon, dipping the feather end of the pen in the cruet of salad oil, I approached the wisp, and in the softest and tenderest manner possible, just oiled it upon the body—the black and yellow, like grooms' waistcoats when down it fell, turned black and was dead in a minute. "There girls," said I, "see what kindness and a little oil does." Now, here's my moral and example.—When a husband comes home in an ill-humor, don't cry out and fly at him; but try a little oil—in fact, treat your husband like a wisp."

Fifty thousand dollars worth of stock, mules horses, cattle, &c., was sold on the streets of Georgetown, Ky., on last Monday, County Court day.

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The Way To Get An Office.

The following has come to us through a source that entitles it to entire credit;

A huge two fisted, broad shouldered son of North Carolina appeared a few days ago in the treasury building and inquired for the Secretary. He was directed to the proper door, but when about to enter the ante room was stopped by the messenger, for not observing the usual ceremonies.—"What's the matter now?" asked Rip Van Winkle. "You can't go in sir," replied the messenger. "We'll see about that," replied Rip, as he gathered the messenger in his brawny arms, and set him aside.—Arrived in Mr. Guthrie's room, and finding several gentlemen present, he asked, "Which is the Secretary?"

"I am said Mr. Guthrie to the intruder, rather sternly. "How did you get in here?"

"Oh! we'll talk about that after awhile, said Rip. "I've come on business, and we'll attend to that first. You see, Mr. Secretary, I am a democrat from North Carolina, and there is a light-boat—", and a whig has the keeping of it now, and I want it. Mind now! It won't make any difference in my voting, if you don't give it to me. I always vote right anyhow.—Here's my papers: look at 'em and speak out." Mr. Guthrie was quite taken with his honest simplicity, and replied that he would give him an answer at twelve.—"Mind now," said Rip, showing his watch to the Secretary, "you see that little finger? Well, when it gets to 12 I'll be here certain. No mistake now!"

Where are you stopping?" asked the Secretary.

"Stopping, you may well say that. I've got no money to fool away stopping anywhere. I got my breakfast at the market house this morning. And you see I want to start home in the mailboat this evening, for if I stay here long I can't get home at all. Now mind, Mr. Secretary, 12 o'clock you know?" So saying he took his leave.

During his absence Mr. Guthrie examined his papers, and finding him properly recommended, directed his commission to be prepared immediately. Punctual to the minute our friend appeared and was handed his commission. He warmly thanked the Secretary, took his leave and now is doubtless at home attending to his duties. We dare say that Uncle Sam has not a better officer.—Wash. Star.

WELL TIMED.—The Journal of Commerce well remarks on the cause of failure among merchants, when it says:—"There are causes nearer home which complicate the web of our prosperity far more than the Turkish question, but these seem to be overlooked, while undue importance is given to the other. There may be war between Russia and Turkey, and it is possible that France and England may be involved in it; although we deem the last improbable, and the first quite doubtful.

But if we could stand well at home—if merchants and merchant's clerk would stop dabbling in stock and other speculations, outside of their regular business, if young beginners and houses with limited capital would confine them within the circle which they could span with their own means, keeping down their expenses, and aping neither the style or manners of millionaires—in short, if business men generally would show a desire to develop some other traits of character, than the one, ambition for sudden wealth—the saber and the scymeter might clash on the borders of Europe, without creating any excitement on this side of the Atlantic.

THE RETORT UNCOUITEOUS.—A small, cosy party recently assembled at the Mill-creek House, to celebrate a wedding.—Song, joke and good humor abounded, and all went "merry as the bell," which in by-gone days was considered indispensable for the ushering in of so auspicious a day. In the course of the evening, a lady, not overstocked with that most essential requisite for feminine impudence—beauty—walked into the parlor, and seating herself at the piano, commenced fingering the instrument in a style calculated to impress the assembled company with an idea of its fort qualities. A gentleman present, a biped of the old-fashioned school—one who had never attended the lectures of Lucy Stone, Mrs. Mott, or Harriet Hunt, and who always supposed the "Rev. Antonette Brown" to be a gentleman of the old clerical faculty—with a rather singularly given manner, drawing his chair close to the intruder, gazed upon her with a countenance upon which the elements of astonishment, inquiry and admiration were most strongly depicted. After a while the east her eyes upon her unconscious observer, and in a bold, d---l-may-care tone of voice—a tone, by the way, universally in vogue with the strong-minded Amazons, exclaimed:—"Why do you stare at me? Is it because I am so pretty?"

"No, madam," replied old matter-of-fact; "it's because you're so d---d impudent!"

GREAT FEATS IN DIVING.—Among the remarkable feats of diving lately performed at Bath, England, it is mentioned that a seaman dived down with a pair of laced boots on his feet and a pair of Wellingtons and carrying the laced boots. He afterwards dived with a jacket and a pair of trousers in his hand, dressed himself while under the water, and on returning to the surface took a pipe filled with tobacco from his pocket, struck a light and smoked while floating on his back.

HEALTH OF NEW ORLEANS.—The New Orleans Crescent, of the 14th, has the following:

"We are enabled this morning to lay before our distant readers the gratifying intelligence that the epidemic has disappeared from among us. The Board of Health met yesterday, and passed a resolution declaring that no epidemic at present exists in New Orleans. Trade has assumed its former restless activity; commercial houses have been refitted and replenished with abundant stocks; and our levee again groans under the weight of enriching commerce. Sickness is not spoken of among us; and that air of anxiety apparent in the features of all during the late disastrous visitation, has given place to a prevailing cheerfulness and busy activity that gives promise of the renewal of former prosperity. The fiat of the Board of Health having gone forth that the epidemic has disappeared, our absent citizens may return without fear of the consequence."

JAMES GORDON BENNETT.—The Philadelphia Pennsylvania, says the *Enquirer* has the following excellent editorial hit upon a recent bloviating article in the N. Y. Herald, which intimated that the proprietor of that paper, the notorious Jas. Gordon Bennett, was about to establish three other journals in the cities of Boston, Philadelphia and Baltimore, all to be under his superintendence. In order to appreciate our readers will bear in mind that that Mr. Bennett has the misfortune to be cross eyed.

"Now, any one who has seen Mr. Bennett, or the portrait of him that was published in the Democratic Review, will at once admit that owing to the advantageous conformation of his eyes he would be quite able to oversee two establishments at one time; but we respectfully submit that asking him to look after four is asking too much.

ALARMING INCREASE OF POETS.—Some scandalous critic says, the number of poets, in the United States, is now estimated at 5,623. Greece had only one. This shows the fertility of our soil when pot-drette is added to it—also, that the age is "fast." Some credit, however, should be given to the increase and improvement of machinery, as there is much "machine poetry." What an awful quantity of raw material there scribes consume, in the matter of zephyrs, breezes, sunsets, morning dawns, skies, clouds, stars, moons, silver lights, sighs, tears, heart-ache, love, trees, grass, buds, flowers, pretty maids, rustic swains, angels, lovely women, fustians, gammon, balderdash, &c., &c. It is awful to think about.

EXTRAORDINARY FIDELITY OF A DOG.—There is at Saratoga Springs a fine Newfoundland dog that for the last year and a half has watched the approach and departure of the railway cars from that place. The animal was accidentally left at Saratoga about eighteen months ago, and since that time not a train has departed nor one arrived but what this devoted dog is in the depot, anxiously and faithfully watching for his master. For eighteen long months he has not failed to be on the ground. He examines every stranger minutely, but makes acquaintance with no-one. Nobody knows where he eats, sleeps or any thing further about him than that he has not found his master yet.—*Albany Transcript*.

LIEUT. COLONEL MASON, breveted from Captain, for services in the Mexican war, who died in San Francisco on the 7th of September, was appointed by President Pierce to superintend the construction of the fortification at that harbor. He was a native of Providence, R. I., and for a long time had the charge of constructing the fortifications at Fort Adams, Newport, where he married a daughter of the late S. F. Gardner. He was a man of great ability.

APOLOGIES FOR MATRIMONY.—Many strange apologies, says the author of *Salad for the Solitary*, have been urged for marriage. Wilkes wedded to please his friends. Goethe said he married to obtain a respectability. Wicherly, in his old age, took his servant girl, to spite his relations. The Russians have a story of a widow who was so inconsolable for the loss of her husband, that she took another to keep from fretting herself to death.

DEATH OF GEN. CHILDS, U. S. A.—Brevet Brigadier-General Thos. Childs, (in the line, Major of the First Regiment of Artillery,) died at Tampa Bay, Florida, on the 8th inst. General Childs was among the most distinguished officers of our army. He served in the Mexican war under General Scott, and received several brevets for his gallantry. He was appointed Governor of Puebla after its capture by our troops.

AN ARRAY OF ORPHANS.—The Howard Association of New Orleans, announces that they have now about three hundred orphan children under their charge, whose parents have fallen victims to the epidemic, and that the Association will have a surplus of about \$100,000 after settling all their liabilities.

A FEMALE BARBER.—Miss Caroline E. Putnam, of Salem Mass., has announced to the public that she has adopted the profession of a barber, and will take the beard of gentlemen's chins at the rate of 8 cents the mug.